

Jacobs Ladder.

I LIFTED my ladder of life to heaven,
Would the Angels of God behold me!
O the joy and the help that was hastily given,
Behold the half was not told me!

I met in my youth an illness severe;
Which my friends said was all for my good;
And I thank'd them tho' reasons were not too clear,
For I knew they had eased me as best they could.

Then I learnt to lay my hand,
As the Great God above had planned,
In the Angel of Sorrow's hand
On a higher rung to stand.

And I meet other angels in troubles severe
Which my friends say are all for my good;
And I thank them with thanks that are now more
clear,
For I know they speak as a christian should.

May I learn to lay my hand,
As the Great God above hath planned,
In the Angel of death's strong hand,
On the last rung of all to stand,
As the joys of the Future expand.